



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

HURRAH for July and its glorious Fourth! We keep it, we Jacks-in-the-pulpit and boys and girls, because we are so glad to be in a free country.

And now to business. What have we before us to-day? Ah yes! those two matters started at our April meeting,* namely: WHAT IS THIS? (meaning that very queer picture I then showed you), and FANNY S. B.'s question, HAVE HORSES, DOGS, CATS, ETC., LANGUAGES OF THEIR OWN?

Well, answers to these questions have come to this pulpit to my perfect satisfaction. Some right, the dear Little Schoolma'am says, some wrong; some good, some not so, but one and all showing honest interest and industry. So we three, the Deacon, the Little Schoolma'am, and your own JACK, thank the writers most heartily.

Bless me! Either ST. NICHOLAS makes young folks delightfully clever or else only delightfully clever young folk take ST. NICHOLAS. One or the other is the case, of that I am sure.

Now you shall hear who among you all, my dear fire-works, dictionary-hunters, and finger-inkers, sent the correct name or description of that queer object in the picture. It is a MAMMILLATED SEA URCHIN, or the variety familiarly and affectionately called *Heterocentrotus Mammillatus* by those frisky naturalists.

The following sent correct answers: Lyndon Despard, Charlie Kellogg, Gerry G. Buswell, Alfred Bowie, "Jack Tar," Louis O. Tucker, Kittie Schmidt, Eleanor M. F., Nellie D. Bevies, M. L. Robinson, Phyllis E. Parker, Joseph N. White, Mabel Gleason, Ezra L. Pound, Gertie Moon.

Kittie Schmidt tells us that children in the South Sea Islands use the spines for slate-pencils. Charlie Kellogg says, "They have strong teeth and can eat crabs, and can climb up glass." Frances M. agrees that it is a sea-urchin, but on the authority of a wise cousin says there are sea-anemones in the picture. Lyndon Despard bristles with

facts: "It is smaller than the ordinary sea-urchin, with spines five or six inches long, each blue up to the white ring and then red." The classification of this patriotic creature, he says, is: Order, *Echinodermata*; Family, *Echinidea*; Genus (*Cidaris*), *Mammillatus*. Horace P. A., ten years old, gives the name *Cidaritis Imperialis*. "Jack Tar" declares it bears the simple name *Heterocentrotus Mammillatus*, and comes from the Pacific Ocean; he adds that a specimen is in the Academy of Natural Sciences, of Philadelphia, where he lives. Gerry G. Buswell is one of five brothers who, during vacations at Monterey, California, "find them clinging to the rocks and have to pull hard to get them off. They attach themselves by suckers. They are dark purple. The spines become pointed when they are taken out of the water. The mouth is in the center of the shell in the picture." His letter is bright and original.

Of those who held opinions differing from these, Nora M. suggests the name *Actinia Crassicornus*, a sea-anemone; Gertrude A. W., a Scotch lassie, says it is a "sea-anemone seen through a microscope"; H. W. M. declares "a very fine cluster of Brazilian agates"; Marion McA. and Edith M. P. think it a sea-anemone, while Dick and Jack, two chums living opposite one another, "think and are sure that it is a chrysanthemum," and Elva F. calls it "a flower made up of base-ball bats." Bessie Durhams identifies it as "a passion-flower," and Charlie G., Jr., at the end of a good letter about "Do animals think?" writes: "By the way, as to that mysterious picture on page 483, I think it is a penwiper or something very much like it."

So you see the answers made it animal, mineral, and vegetable, but only those who took the sea-urchin standpoint were correct. JACK thanks you all for your clever letters, which came from everywhere—Texas, Scotland, California, Staten Island, Minnesota, Canada, Maryland—north, south, east, and west.

DO ANIMALS THINK?

So many bright and interesting letters have been received in answer to the question asked by Fannie S. B. in the April number that your JACK must print as many as he can crowd in.

GUELPH, ONTARIO.

DEAR JACK: I am thirteen. It's my opinion that horses, cows, dogs, and cats, etc., all have a way of making each other understand, and this is why: When we were home, I remember one day my sister Isabel and I were eating our lunch out in the yard at school, and we had such fun watching the big red ants carrying off some crumbs of bread we would throw near their mound. First one ant tried to carry a crumb, and finding he could not manage it, he left it and went away. In a little while he and one other ant came and tried it together; then they stopped and got a third to come and help them, and the three carried the crumb to the mouth of their hill and all went tumbling in together, and if ants have a way of understanding each other, I cannot help thinking the domestic animals must have too. MAUD Q.—

DEAR MR. JACK: I think cows, cats, dogs, etc., have a language of their own. I have often seen them standing with their heads close together, and looking as if they were talking on some interesting subject.

Your faithful reader, M. BRICE HILL.

DEAR JACK: I answer decidedly, animals have languages.

The reason I have for thinking so is this: We have a dog (not very beautiful) named Buff. A while ago

* See St. Nicholas for April, 1891, page 483.

some neighbors across the street had a pointer-dog named Don, who was a great friend of Buff. One day Don was in the neighbor's yard, locked in. The fence was made of upright slats. Buff ran over to see him, but as Buff could not get in and Don could not get out, they could only wag their tails at each other. Suddenly Buff went round to a high gate beyond the house, and quite a way from the low gate where they were. The high gate was partly open, but not wide enough for Don to come through. Don disappeared also.

In a minute Don's nose appeared at the high gate, but no more of him. The gate did not open easily, for it stuck on the board walk. Buff shoved the gate and Don pulled with his nose. The gate yielded and opened. Don came out and off the friends trotted.

Don't you think when at the low gate they must have conveyed the plan for opening the high gate? Anyway, I think so.

MAY H. F.—.

ALABAMA.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I think that animals have languages of their own, and can understand each other that way, because we once had a cat and five kittens. The kittens were rather wild. Mama was going by the place where they stayed. As she passed, all the kittens ran under the house, but the old cat went under with them and made a funny noise and all the kittens came out again and let mama pet them. I think the old cat told them not to be afraid to come out.

Yours truly, ELEANOR C. A.—.

NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR JACK: In my opinion animals *do* have a language of their own in the sense that they certainly have a method of communication. I also believe that animals and birds reason. Thus in the case of my little canary, Teddy: He will first, when the water is cold in his bath, dip his beak in, as if wishing to know if it would be conducive to his health to take a bath that morning. Then his head will follow, and last (if the water suits him) his body. Sometimes he will hover about his bath-tub for about five minutes before deciding. Is not that reasoning? Also as to birds and animals having a method of communication, will not the chirp of a bird bring its mate to its side? Also, will not that same chirp show the state of the bird's feelings, as in anger, grief, or happiness? I could state many other instances, such as the bleat of the sheep bringing its kid to it, the low of the cow its calf, but for making my letter too long.

Yours most truly, CHARLIE G.—, Jr.

DEAR JACK: Please give this to your chicks. I cut it from the *Bangor Whig*. Yours truly,

B. C.

A good cat-story, illustrating the sagacity of the felines, is told by an eye-witness. A cat saw a large rat run out from under a stable and seek shelter in a wood-pile. Tommy followed his ratship and tried to reach him, but could not do so. Finding that his efforts were in vain, Tommy scratched his head and hit upon an idea. Leaving the woodpile, he went off a short distance, informed another cat of what was up, and the two went back to the woodpile. Tommy No. 1 stationed No. 2 at the place where the rat had entered the wood-pile, while he climbed upon the wood and began scratching. This frightened the rat and out he ran into the chops of Tommy No. 2, who had been expecting such an occurrence.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN.

DEAR JACK: I think that animals *do* have languages. If there is poison around and one rat finds it out, all the rest know it almost instantly.

Then when a hen clucks to her chickens they *must* know that she says "Come," or something like it.
Your friend, NELLY D. B.—.

FERNBRAE, DUNDEE.

DEAR JACK: I am a little girl of nine years, and have just taken ST. NICHOLAS this year. . . . In the April number you asked if your readers thought that all animals have their own languages. I think they have a sort of one; anyway, they can make themselves understood, especially horses, cats, and dogs. We have an old dog of fifteen, and a kitten, and we always know by the way the dog barks or the kitten mews if they are hungry or angry with each other. As for other animals I think you can see by the way they look at you what they want.

I hope you will print this letter, as it is the first I have written. Your little Scottish reader, GERTRUDE A. W.

SAN FRANCISCO.

DEAR JACK: The buffaloes of North America have sentries when they are feeding, and at a snort, or prance, or a motion, the whole herd will make off.

The elephants when marching through the forests are led by an old one and obey him, stopping when he stops, and going when he goes. The springbok of South Africa is another animal of that kind. Hunters of Africa tell us that if one of the sentries discovered them, five seconds after being discovered the whole herd was nowhere to be seen. The wildebeest, bison, and zebra are other animals—besides the wild horses, who roam over the plains—that have a leader at their head who conveys his orders to the herd in some mysterious manner.

Whether this is a language between animals or whether it is not, it cannot be doubted that they have a way of communicating with each other.

P. H.—.

Annie H., Henry W. T., Elva F., A. L., A., Edith M. P., Agnes W., and Alice E. also sent very interesting letters.

WHICH IS IT?

DEACON GREEN is puzzled. He has been asked "What is our National Hymn?" Of course he has an opinion, but no man's opinion, however wise, can decide such a question.

He would like to hear from you young folks. Is our National Hymn "The Star-Spangled Banner," "My Country, 't is of Thee," "Hail Columbia," "Columbia the Gem of the Ocean," or "Yankee Doodle"?

With the World's Fair approaching, the Deacon says we ought to have this momentous question settled.

Talk this matter over with your parents, my children. Inquire of every one—in short, so stir up the question that there will be little rest for grown folk, or little folk either, until it is settled.

Who knows but that on the Fourth of July, 1892, you children all over this great country—east, west, north, and south, may be singing as with one voice the one authorized National Hymn that henceforth shall be recognized as ours forever!

THOSE TWO LONG WORDS.

X. Y. Z. requests your JACK to say that the two long words which she "broke up" for you last month are these: "INCOMPREHENSIBILITY" and "DISPROPORTIONALITY."

THE LETTER-BOX.

CONTRIBUTORS are respectfully informed that, between the 1st of June and the 15th of September, manuscripts cannot conveniently be examined at the office of ST. NICHOLAS. Consequently, those who desire to favor the magazine with contributions will please postpone sending their MSS. until after the last-named date.

WILL Pansy M. M., who wrote a letter printed in the Letter-Box of the April ST. NICHOLAS, please send her full name and present address to the Editor.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for several years, and for some time have wanted to write and tell you how very much I enjoy reading you; but having a dread of the waste-paper basket, I have never gained courage to venture until now.

Two years ago I spent a winter in Florida. I enjoyed it exceedingly, and perhaps one of my most enjoyable excursions was my trip down the Oclawaha River, which I will briefly describe to you.

The Oclawaha River is a very crooked river, constantly twisting and turning. The water is not very clear, although in some portions, especially near Silver Springs, you can see the beautiful plants on the bottom of the river, through lovely pale-green or blue water. Tall trees grow along each bank, and sometimes nearly meet, so that they form arches over the narrow river; all the trees are heavily laden with Spanish-moss. We left Silver Springs (our starting point) in the early morning, and remained on the deck of the little steamer until dinner was announced. Oh, never will I forget that dinner! In the first place, it was served in a stuffy little cabin, and, in the second place, scarcely anything was fit to eat. You may well think we did not linger at the table.

We passed the afternoon pleasantly on deck, several of the gentlemen trying their skill in the fishing line, during the greater part of the voyage. We frequently saw alligators and large turtles, and one of the young men who was fishing discovered a moccasin snake swimming up the river; he caught it on his fish-hook, and it was immediately killed by one of the sailors. Evening came all too soon, and, after a tea in the little cabin, we again gathered on deck, this time to enjoy the singing of our colored crew. When we met the up boat, quite a time was made, ringing bells, tooting horns, etc., and each crew trying to outdo the other in loud singing.

The next morning, when we woke, we were at our journey's end, and all agreed in thinking it had been a very delightful trip.

Wishing you a long life of prosperity,
I remain your devoted admirer, E. M. J.—

TOLEDO, OHIO.
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have just moved here from Montana. Last summer we spent in California, and thought perhaps you would like to hear something about our trip. We went to Pescadero and amused ourselves by picking and sorting the beautiful pebbles most of the time. After that we went to Monte Rey and visited the Hotel Del Monte, which is one of the largest in the world. We went through the old adobe churches with their tiled roofs, which are the old Indian Missions built by the Spaniards at Monte Rey. At Santa Cruz we enjoyed watching the surf-bathers. We went through the beautiful Yosemite Valley and often rode our little don-

keys in preference to riding in the jolty stages. We came here over the Rio Grande way, where there is such magnificent mountain scenery.

Your constant admirer, VIVIAN T. C.—

BOSTON, MASS.
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Long live you! I thought I would write to you, as I have not before. I am eleven, and have two brothers, one eighteen and one fifteen.

I have a parrot named "Archie"; he talks a good deal, and he is pretty tame. I have no other pets; we had a dog, but he got poisoned in Newport, Rhode Island, where I was born.

I have a large seal collection. I have one put on by Daniel Webster, and a great many other ones. And a large stamp collection, which is pretty valuable. I have the first *Transcript* ever issued, which is worth a good deal. I have a good many old things besides these.

I go to school every day, and like to very much. I study reading, spelling, and arithmetic, Latin, French, and geography, grammar. We take drawing and carving, and Slojd or Swedish system of carpentering. It is very interesting. I am afraid my letter is getting too long, so I will stop. So good-by.

From your constant reader, A. T. B.—

RYE, NEW YORK.
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I wanted to say something about Rembrandt Peale, whose letter is in the April ST. NICHOLAS. He is my great-grandfather, and we have his portrait and his second wife's hanging in our parlor, painted by himself, life size. We have other pictures painted by him also. All his daughters were artists except my grandmother.

I have been much interested in your stories, but I like "Lady Jane" best.

Your affectionate reader, B. P.—

SAVANNAH, GEORGIA.
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We stay in the Episcopal Orphans' Home. A little boy gave you to us for a Christmas present, and we like you very much; we don't know what we would do without you. We do all of our own work and go to school in the morning and in the afternoon we sew; we make our own clothes. We have a pet cat, two birds, and a great many chickens. Each one has a week in doing different parts of the housework; two girls cook every week, one works in the dining-room and two in the pantry. We have a little girl four years old, and she is the sweetest little thing we ever had here. She is the pet of the house; everybody loves her dearly.

We are, dear ST. NICHOLAS, your devoted readers,
WINNIE S.— and LOTTIE B.—

NUREMBERG, BAVARIA.
MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As I have never seen a letter from quaint old Nuremberg, I would like very

much to see one in print. Papa, mamma, and I have been spending the winter in Europe. We have been here for about a month, but leave for Italy in a few days.

I would like to tell you about something which happened while we were in Vienna. We saw the little Crown-Princess Elizabeth start for a drive with her mamma, the Princess Stephanie. They drove to one of their castles near the city; and while they were there a little peasant boy saw the little Princess; he recognized her and took off his cap, then ran to her, knelt and kissed her hand. They must have made a very pretty picture, as each of the children is only about six years old.

Most cordially yours, ENA.

A LITTLE GIRL'S IDEAL PARTY.

BY ISABEL YEOMANS BROWN.

I'd like to give a party some lovely summer's day, When the air is warm and fragrant with the scent of new-mown hay, When song-birds warbling blithely and brooklets running free And busy little insects all join in minstrelsy.

And who would be invited? First, that thoughtful little boy With the heart so sweet and loving—I mean Lord Fauntleroy; Juanita and her brother; kind little Sarah Crewe, And Dorothy and Donald, and a host of others too.

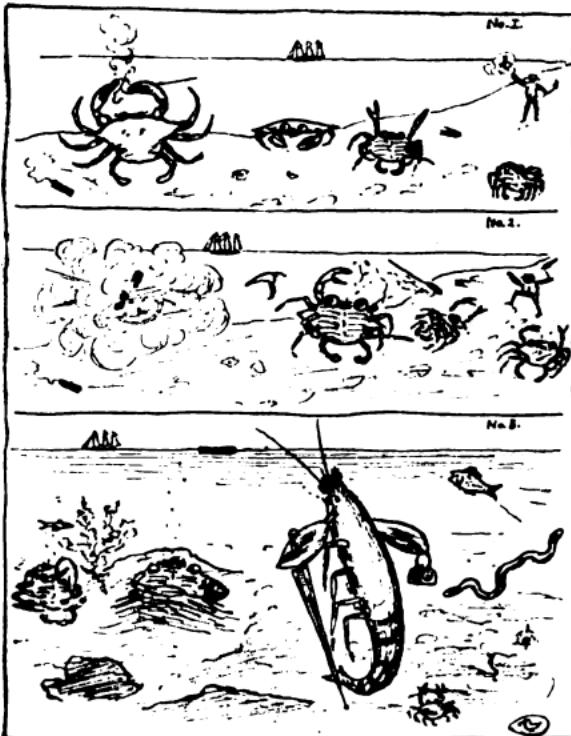
Yes, all the story people—"Little Women," "Little Men"; And all Miss Alcott's people—the children of her pen. And when it came to parting I'm sure we'd all agree We had ne'er before attended such a pleasant company!

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

DEAR ST. NICK: In all the three years that I have taken your charming paper I have seen but one letter written from this city. It seems so strange to me, because I know so many girls and boys that subscribe to you. You publish the prettiest stories! "The Gates on Grandfather's Farm" is lovely. I am so fond of the country. Almost every summer we go to a little resort not far from here called Lakeside. It is not at all like a farm, but we have a great deal of country fun there. At Lakeside families of ten accustom themselves to the use of four or five rooms. It is a cluster of about thirty cottages around a small hotel. All the guests have their meals at the hotel. There is riding, driving, boating, and every kind of outdoor fun all day, and dancing in the ball-room every evening. Last Fourth of July, mamma and some other ladies got up all sorts of races, and the gentlemen furnished very handsome fireworks in the evening. I won the prizes for four of the girls' races! Was I not lucky? One summer papa gave me a beautiful Cotswold lamb; I called her Miss Nibble Snow. She used to follow me everywhere, but her greatest accomplishment was playing "tag." She used to chase me all around the trees, and dodge with much more skill than I have. Finally she was so large that we had to sell her. I have never really enjoyed lamb-chops since! My small brother has a taste for gardening, but his efforts are not crowned with success. Yesterday he came to me with a troubled expression that I knew meant mischief, and said, "I've been fixing your plant, but it don't look right." He had killed it. But when he said, "Please excuse me," I had to forgive him.

From one of your admiring friends,
ELEANOR R. M.—

This picture of Mr. Crab's Fourth of July was sent to the Letter-Box by the late Frank Lloyd Drake, who made the sketches at the age of thirteen.



No. 1. Mr. Crab finding a lighted cat-tail and a firecracker on the beach, thinks he will celebrate the glorious "Fourth."

No. 2. He celebrates the Fourth, and loses his claw.

No. 3. He is obliged to call in Dr. Lobster.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought I would write to you and tell you a little about the queer ways of the people living in Brazil. You must not think I have been there, for I have not; but my brother has, and he has told us a great many funny things about the way the people live, and of the odd customs. He says the first thing you notice as you enter a city is that the houses have no chimneys; that is because it is so hot that they never need a fire. Another thing he told us, which I thought was very funny, is that instead of the milkmen going around in wagons, as they do here, they drive the cow to the door and milk her. I think that is a good way; you can't have any water in the milk then.

I liked the story of "Lady Jane" very much, and in one of my books I have a picture of Mother Margaret. I hope this letter is not too long to print, as I have not told mama or papa anything about it.

I remain your loving reader, P. A.—

LARNED, KANSAS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live a mile east of Larned. There is a little piece of the Santa Fé trail left, which has got filled up with dirt, but you can see where it was. There are lots of buffalo-wallows and trails around. The Denver, Memphis, and Atlantic R. R. is a quarter of a mile away, where it crosses the Arkansas River. The river rose before they got it built, and swept away some of the piles. The river is a mile from our house, and it rose within a quarter of a mile from our house. It went down that night, and next morning it went down about to its banks. It's very

sandy on the other side of the river. The trains got stuck in the snow a little piece west of here a week or two ago. There have been lots of wild geese flying over, and at night you could hear them down at the river. There are lots of people hunting them.

Your respective reader, WILL B.—

—
A CHARADE.
—

BY ELIZABETH S. BATES.

BERYL.—I AM the oldest, so I 'll tell
The first; now Mama, listen well :
Our first is what we call a man
Who leads the purest life he can ;
Who feeds the hungry, clothes the poor,
And helps the needy at his door.

KITTY.—Our next is but a little thing
That carelessness will often bring
To pretty dishes, dolls and toys ;
You tremble when you hear a noise,
For this small thing will mar them all
From just one little knock or fall.

ANNA.—Our third I say when I am glad
Or when I 'm very, very sad ;
And when I stub my toe and fall
I say it then the most of all ;
But when the rockets burst and shine
Then it tells we think they 're fine.

TOM.—Our fourth I 'm thankful that I 'm not,
For this good reason, that we 've got
A plenty in my sisters four ;
I 'm grateful that there are no more.
So I am glad that I 'm a boy,
And like the things that boys enjoy.

ELIZABETH.—Our whole we all know very well ;
We love to hear what he can tell
Of fun and frolic and the store
Of fairy tales and Brownie lore.
He 's everywhere the children's friend
And all to him their greetings send.

—
THE ADIRONDACKS.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to tell you about the Indian boys of the school at Hampton, Va. One Indian boy I like very much. The building where they live is named the Wigwam, and my aunt takes care of the boys. They are very kind to me. I had an afternoon tea, and invited some of the Indian boys and Mr. and Mrs. F., and "Peggy" (Peggy 's a dog). I had some chocolate and cakes, and a very nice time. All came whom I invited. One night there was a party at Winona (the Indian girl's home), and I went over to it. We had a very good time playing blindman's-buff and other games.

Our camp here in the Adirondacks is on a pretty pond near Big Tupper Lake. We have two guides, John and Fayette, and three dogs, "Foo," "Drive," and "Jack." We have three tents, one for papa, another for Aunt Anne and me, and one for the guides and a store-house. "Margaret," my doll, has a little tent put up, and one night she had a cunning little camp-fire, about as large as my hand. In front of the big tent there is a fire made to cook things, and in the evening we have a fire in front of our tents, and a little stove inside. I think I shall never forget about camp. The head of the first deer papa shot is to be mounted for my little room at home.

I fish all day, some days, but do not catch a thing. One night we went trolling for trout. When we got back it was dark, and we saw Fayette pulling up fish by the wharf. I fished there and caught a good many shiners, and papa caught beautiful trout, big pink ones and some little ones that were always cooked for me. Papa has given me a fly, a "grizzly king," on which he has caught thirty trout, and I wear it in my cap.

I love you, ST. NICHOLAS, very much indeed. Good-by. Your little friend, JEANNETTE J.—

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THE AQUARIUM.

BY HAMILTON. (*A Young Contributor.*)

AN Aquarium is a very interesting thing. It consists of a water-tight glass case, open at the top, half full of water, with the bottom just covered with sand and a few big rocks in the middle ; it is nicer to have a flag-lily or any other aquatic plant and a bank of sand at the side. The most familiar animals for the Aquarium are goldfish, turtles, frogs, lizards, alligators, tadpoles, etc. I advise my readers not to have any frogs, for they are always jumping out and they eat most of the other animals. I have known a frog in my Aquarium to eat in one day a small turtle, two goldfish, and one pet lizard ; after this greedy meal he died of indigestion.

The best thing to give your animals to eat is a thin wafer called rice-cake, broken up into small pieces and thrown into the Aquarium ; this can be obtained at the druggists or animal fanciers.

The water should be changed once a day to keep your animals healthy. The best way to change it is by having a hole in the bottom of the Aquarium with a piece of wire netting over it, so that the small animals cannot escape. When you have taken out enough water the hole may be stopped up by means of a cork.

It is very interesting to get some frogs' eggs and see them hatch ; first they will burst and a miniature fish will come out of each one of them ; then in the course of several weeks they will grow larger ; then two fore feet will gradually grow ; then two hind feet will slowly grow, and the tadpole will look something like a lizard ; after a while the tail will wither off, the nose will become pointed, and the tadpole will become a small frog, which in due time will grow larger, and croak, hop, and "Jump Jim Crow!"

WE thank the young friends whose names follow for pleasant letters received from them : Ida M., Minerva C., L. H., Roy W. J., Gertrude A., Isabella C., Carita A., Alfred F. E., C. E. J., Arthur H. T., D. A. D., Margaret C., Jesse R., Stella S. Y., Charles G. H., Wilder W., Helen F., George H. S., Jean H., Fritz A. G. N., Marian B., Ermine B., Marie De F., Alton F., Harry W. W., Willie A. C., Laura, Louisa, Beatrix, and Dora, Louise W., Jean K. and Clarence E., Harry G. N., Elsie D., Elsie T., Janet C., Charles F. E. Jr., Carrie E. L., Helen Curtis S., C. L. E., Francis B. H., Jessie B. H., Katrina T. I., Sally F. D., Harker R., I. T. S., Nettie B., Margaret W. B., Evelyn C. S. G., Mary M. L., Frank E., Anne B. R., Andrew B., Gertrude and Helen B., A. A. S., Harry S. S., Herbert P., H. O. B., Olga R. G., P. D. V., Algenia T. G., Ethel C., Percy W., Margaret M., Eleanor B., Margaret F. J., Ernestine W., Ernest S., F. Lois S., Ethel J., Alice E., Susan H., Eliza A. P., Hetty M. A., Daisy M., Mary, Agnes, Julia, and Ella, Edith M. B., Horace P. A., Three Hungarian Girls, Florence C., Aimée M., Helen E. D., J. W. B., Saml. Breckinridge L.



NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of seventy-eight letters, and am a sentence written by Rufus Choate.

My 7-10 is a verb. My 70-43-21-56 is an exploit. My 44-5-33-14 is delicate. My 7-26-67-60 is one of the United States. My 66-30-48-54 is a cleansing substance. My 13-37-32-73 is often made of pottery. My 20-39-46-23-52 is to loquacious. My 3-17-8-78-36-63 is to jolt. My 1-69-18-50-11-9 is a prodigy. My 42-4-25-59-53-75-28-34-71 is one of a South African tribe. My 15-61-65-35-41-57-22 is to stammer. My 31-6-77-68-72 is a character mentioned in Genesis. My 55-51-27-12-21 is an ancient Scandinavian bard. My 62-74-49-47-38-24 is having a keen appetite. My 58-16-19-45-2-64-40 was a king of Egypt.

M. M. F.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

In toiling, not in work ;
In heathen, not in Turk ;
In headache, not in pain ;
In fracture, not in sprain ;
In stopping, not in walk ;
In utter, not in talk ;
In granite, not in slag ;
In standard, not in flag ;
In chasten, not in whip ;
In schooner, not in ship ;
In Francis, not in Will ;
In Joseph, not in Bill ;
In Judith, not in Beth ;
In Lawrence, not in Seth ;
In yellow, not in brown :
The whole brings noise to every town.

CYRIL DEANE.

RHOMBOID.

ACROSS: 1. Household articles. 2. A short sleep. 3. Floating on the surface of water. 4. A falsifier. 5. A little ball. 6. Rarely.

DOWNTWARD: 1. In mottle. 2. In like manner. 3. An inclosed place. 4. Part of a book. 5. To impede or bar. 6. Gazes at. 7. To scheme. 8. To inform. 9. A color. 10. A preposition. 11. In mottle. JULIA J. LEWIS.

SOME GEOGRAPHICAL QUESTIONS.

- What country does everybody eat on Thanksgiving?
- What city do you often find in a bottle?
- What island do ladies sometimes wear?
- What city is burned nightly?
- What city of New Jersey is eaten for dessert?
- What city do we find on a toilet table?
- What city is worn on the head in summer?
- What cape names a fish?
- What city names a kind of board?
- What river names a reptile?
- What cape names a costly fur?
- What river names a long coat?
- What city in the northern part of the United States names a statesman?
- What city in Asia might crow?
- What two cities in the eastern hemisphere are used as trim-

- nings?
- What mountains are named after a giant?
- What Australian river is a term of endearment?
- What coast is a troublesome insect?

DAISY, NELLIE, AND FANNIE.

PL.

HET nus shang clam ta remsmus sipeo ;
Het thare elis bedhat ni grimmeshin nono,
Ta ster rofm lal ehr cleerhuf inose,
Whit thear-grisstrn liltneys ni nute.
Het mite, woh flutebau dan read,
Wehn alyre strufi giben or shlub,
Dan het luf agafele fo eht yare
Wasys o're hemt whit a grilshenet shuh !

WORD-BUILDING.

- A VOWEL.
- An exclamation of joy or triumph.
- The daughter of Cadmus.
- Inflexible.
- The angular curve made by the intersection of two arches.
- A triangle.
- Raising an uproar.
- Proportioning.
- The act of removing from one place to another.
- The removal of inhabitants from one country to another, for the purpose of residence.
- The act of sprouting.

CHARLES BEAUFORT.

PRIMAL ACROSTIC.

EACH of the words described contain six letters. When rightly guessed, and placed one below another, the initial letters will spell the name of a sea.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A fish of the tunny kind. 2. A motet. 3. A grayish-white metal. 4. A narrow passage. 5. An Egyptian deity.

POLLY.

HIDDEN DIAMONDS.

.	.	.	1	.	.	.
.	12	.	2	.	.	.
.	11	.	.	3	.	.
10	4	.
.	9	.	.	5	.	.
.	8	.	6	.	.	.
.	.	.	7	.	.	.

- CROSS-WORDS: 1. Fabled monsters of terrific aspect.
- Fire-worshippers.
- To beat soundly.
- One who incites.
- A general statement reached by comparison of different amounts.
- To deaden.
- The son of Semele.

From 1 to 12, a very famous naturalist born in 1769.

- CROSS-WORDS: 1. The god of the waters.
- A fierce animal found in Africa.
- The apparent junction of earth and sky.
- A Greek measure of length.
- Two-threaded.
- The surname of a President of the United States.
- One of the Muses.

From 1 to 12, a very famous inventor.

ELDRED JUNGERICH.